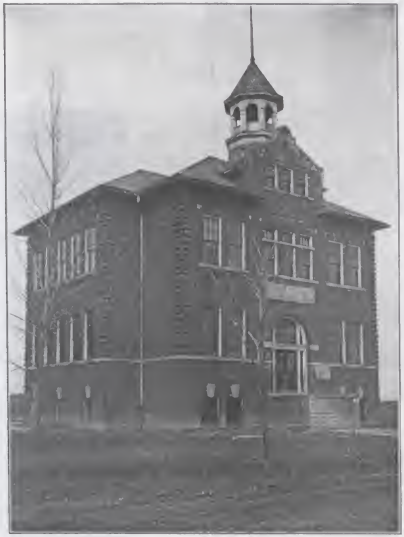

LIBERTY CENTER HIGH SCHOOL

## THE FACULTY

Mr Wm. L. Welsh Miss Hanna Danielson, Miss Mabel Aylesworth, Miss Cecil Corlew, Mrs. Vina Pearson.

# The Annual

Published by

the Senior Class of

Liberty Center High School

Dedicated to

# Our Faculty

1925

# Class of 1925

## Farewell

CLOSED IS THE BOOK OF SCHOOL DAYS
AT L. C. H. S. SO DEAR,
EACH CHAPTER NOW IS FINISHED,
THE PARTING HOUR IS NEAR.

TO OUR DEAR ALMA MATER,
LET US SAY A FOND FAREWELL,
WITHIN OUR HEARTS FOREVER,
SHALL THE LOVE OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL DWELL.

—G. C. H., '25.

OAKLEY D. LITES

Behold! the conquering hero comes.

Senior Class Vice-President

Orchestra—second violin

Elmer in "Safety First"

John MacKenzie in "At the Sign of the Pewter Jug."

McCormack in "Adventures of Grandpa."

ARTHUR SCHMIDT

Noble minds keep ever with their likes.

Senior Class Treasurer

Orchestra—saxaphone

Mr. Weatherbee in "At the Sign of the Pewter Jug."

Grandpa in "Adventures of Grandpa."

GERTRUDE C. HOCKELBERG

A perfect woman, nobly planned.

Senior Class President.

Assistant Editor of Annual.

Mary Ann in "Safety First."

Pansy Hopscotch in "Adventures of Grandpa."

Girls' Glee Club.

VIOLET D. SANDERS

Still waters run deep.

Senior Class Secretary.

Virginia in "Safety First."

Girls' Glee Club.

LEONARD L. DILLINGHAM

In spite of myself I will achieve.

Senior Class Business Mgr.

Editor-in-chief of Annual.

Orchestra—first violin.

Jack Montgomery in "Safety First."

The Prince in disguise in "At the Sign of the Pewter Jug."

Monte Ray in "Adventures of Grandpa."

# Senior Class History

HERE we are in the year of nineteen twenty-five, dignified Seniors at last. I shall try to tell a little of the history of our original Freshmen class as it ascended upward, toward the honorable goal—the Senior Class and Graduation.

On the first Monday in September, 1921, there was eager anticipation, and perhaps a little fear in the hearts of twelve young people. The twelve young people were: Harvey Biggs, Violet Sanders, Oakley Lutes, Alice Tanner, John Cuson, Marcus Miller, Hiralu Frank, Robert Wheeler, Wallace Johnson, Arthur Schmidt, Leonard Dillingham, and Gertrude Hockelberg. The great event they were awaiting was their enrollment as high school students.

During the first week or two of school, we felt rather strange and unsettled, but we soon became organized. Mr. Charles Reider taught us Botany; Mr. Harvey Lambka taught us Algebra and Latin, and Miss Beatrice Morse taught us English. Some of the young people decided to quit high school during the Freshmen year. Among these were: Marcus Miller, who moved to Chicago; Robert Wheeler, who went to Alliance, Nebraska, to work in the car shops; John Cuson, who started to use his Botanical knowledge on his father's farm; and Hiralu Frank, who answered the luring call of the Golden West. Wallace Johnson did not return to school after the Freshmen year.

During the Sophomore year, we studied Commercial Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, under Mr. Elijah Wright; and Caesar and English under Mrs. Hazel Bockelman. We only lost one of our beloved classmates during the Sophomore year. This was Alice Tanner, who discontinued her studies after her mother's death.

There were just six remaining members in our class, when we entered as Juniors in 1923. The membership had decreased fifty per cent. in just two years. During the Junior year we did not lose any of our classmates. We studied Physiology and Solid Geometry, under Mr. Welch; English under Miss Muriel Deopker, and History under Mr. C. K. Davidson.

Lastly, and most important of all, comes the fall of nineteen twenty-four, which marks the beginning of our last year of high school. There are only five of us left. Harvey Biggs decided that it was more of an advantage to stay at home and become an Agriculturist. The five remaining Seniors are: Arthur Schmidt, Violet Sanders, Oakley Lutes, Leonard Dillingham and Gertrude Hockelberg. This year we studied Trigonometry the first semester, and College Algebra the second semester. Mr. Welch is our teacher in these two subjects. Miss Cecil Corlew is our English and Economics teacher, and Miss Margaret Calkins is our History teacher.

This year has been a pleasant one for all of us. There have been times during our four years of high school, when the outlook for the future seemed hazy, but this is all past now. We have the long sought for reward.

We wish to thank all of our teachers for the faithfulness they have shown us, and for the extreme patience they used with us, when we were unusually dull. We all hope to make good use of our high school training by becoming prosperous men and women. "God grant that this may come to pass."

GERTRUDE HOCKELBERG, '25.

NEAR ENOUGH!

Oakley—"I've never been in an accident, but I've been in plenty of 'close shaves'."

Gertrude—"I've never been in an accident, either, nor IN 'close shaves,' but I've been NEAR 'close shaves'."

# Senior Class

CLASS COLORS—Blue and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER—Blue and Yellow Violets.

CLASS MOTTO—"Success is constancy to purpose."

CLASS OFFICERS:

Gertrude C. Hockelberg.....President
Oakley D. Lutes.....Vice-President
Violet D. Sanders.....Secretary
Arthur Schmidt.....Treasurer
L. Leonard Dillingham.....Business Manager

MEMBERS:

Gertrude C. Hockelberg  Violet D. Sanders
Oakley D. Lutes  Arthur Schmidt
L. Leonard Dillingham

EX-MEMBERS:

Alice Tanner  Hiralu Frank
John Cuson  Robert Wheeler
Marcus Miller  Wallace Johnson
Harvey Biggs

# Last Will and Testament

WE THE Graduating Class of 1925, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do, on this twenty-seventh day of February, make public and declare this our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills we may have made. We desire that all of our debts and Graduating expenses be paid out of our private estates.

To the Senior Class of '26, we heartily bequeath the privilege of studying Trigonometry during the first semester, and we also bequeath to them the privilege of buying our Trigonometry text books at half-price. (This is really quite a bargain.)

Out of our benevolent feeling toward our dear Junior friends, we also bequeath to them the privilege of admiring our grades, diplomas, and exultant beauty on Commencement night.

To the Sophomore Girls, we give the privilege of taking their choice of the sheiks, who remain at Liberty Center, after the Class of '25 leaves.

To the one, lone boy, in the Sophomore year, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

To the Freshies, we bequeath an iron-bound constitution, that they may have the heart and strength to endure the many unexpected hardships that turn up during the four years of High School.

To Mr. Welch, Miss Coriew, and Miss Calkins, we bequeath our most sincere thanks for all the kindnesses they have shown us, during this, our last and most important, year of High School.

We ask in return for our boundless generosity, that we might always be thought of by our teachers, friends, and underclassmen, in other words, that we may exist in their minds as an everlasting memory.

SIGNED:

WITNESSES:  (Miss) Gertrude C. Hockelberg
(Miss) Violet D. Sanders
Hannah Danielson  (Mr.) Arthur S. Schmidt
Mabel Aylesworth  (Mr.) L. Leonard Dillingham
Vina Pearson  (Mr.) Oakley D. Lutes.

# PROPHECY OF CLASS OF '25

WE WENT to the Porter County Fair today, and I just happened to loiter along the midway. A glaring sign in front of a fortune-teller's tent attracted my attention. In a few moments I was inside of the tent. Why I happened to go in there, I can not explain, but I just did. I must have had a premonition that I was going to hear something of vital interest to me.

The fortune-teller asked me what I wished to learn concerning the future. I told her that I wanted to know the fate of the graduating class of nineteen twenty-five, ten years hence.

She consulted her crystal, and the first image she saw was an attractive young woman, dressed in the latest style. She was blonde and slender. Her business suit was the creation of one of the most fashionable designers. As the fortune-teller watched her movements in the crystal globe, she saw her enter a modest, orderly apartment in Chicago. I wondered what sort of an apartment she was entering, but soon my curiosity was satisfied. I thought at first that it might be a living apartment, but it turned out to be a beauty parlor and manicurist shop. The modest, young woman, who was in charge, was none other than my former classmate, Miss Violet Sanders.

The next time the fortune-teller gazed into her crystal, she saw an image of a stately young man. He looked to be in the prime of life. His wife and two young sons were with him. According to the fortune-teller's description, the young wife resembled a former sweetheart of the young man, and I was rather inclined to believe it was none other than my cousin. After the fortune-teller had given me this information, I was anxious to know what profession the young man was following. It turned out that Mr. Oakley D. Lutes was a well-known road contractor, in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. His aim was to make all of the mountain roads level, or nearly so, in order that he might be able to drive his Dodge coach with more speed and comfort.

Since Providence had dealt so kindly with these two classmates, I could not help but wonder what was to be the fate of the other two members of the class, and also of myself.

The next vision in the crystal showed a stout, well-built, young man, with a dark moustache and a Van Dyke beard. A pair of eye-glasses dangled on a ribbon, which was fastened in his left coat lapel. He carried a walking stick, as he loitered along one of the best avenues of Crocker, Indiana. His pretentious home was on this avenue. This young man was Mr. Arthur Schmidt, the wealthy meat-packer, who followed in his father's footsteps, by first buying and selling cattle, and then, later, starting his packing house at Crocker. This packing house is one of the most modern and fully equipped packing houses in any of the larger cities of the United States.

The next person, who appeared in the crystal of the mystic was clothed in the black, flowing robes of a minister. He was preaching a sermon at the new Baptist church, at Woodville, Indiana. This was his first year of preaching, because he had worked five or six years, after graduation from High School, before finally deciding to take up the sacred ordination to the ministry. The members of the congregation had just built a fine, new parsonage for the minister and his family. This vision brought to my mind the Bible Study, which we had while we were Seniors at Liberty Center. Leonard had vowed at that time that he would never become a minister, but the Baptist minister turned out to be Mr. Leonard Dillingham, after all.

Last of all, the crystal was to reveal my fate in this wide and wonderful world. I hoped, before the mystic turned the crystal, that Providence might deal as kindly with me as with my classmates. In a few moments, my hopes were realized. During the ten years, between nineteen twenty-five and nineteen thirty-five, I had spent most of my time teaching or studying for the teaching profession. The first year after graduation, I studied at Valparaiso University. I taught for two years at Linderman School, in Liberty Township, and then went to Indiana University, at Bloomington, where I received my Master's Degree in Education. After I received my Master's Degree, I started teaching High School at Liberty Center, and was still an old-maid school teacher in nineteen thirty-five.

That such wonderful things could happen seemed hardly believable. I stopped and pondered a moment or two, and then handed the fortune-teller my quarter.

GERTRUDE C. HOCKELBERG, '25.

# ALUMNI ROLL CALL

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| FLORENCE WHEELER | 1915 | Stenographer | Valparaiso | |
| MORRIS TODD | 1915 | | | |
| IRENE SWANSON | 1917 | | Chesterton | |
| EDWARD DZUR | 1917 | | Chicago | |
| GARRET OSBORN | 1917 | Electrician | Valparaiso | |
| AUGUST LUDTKA | 1917 | | Gary | |
| DEWEY BABCOCK | 1917 | Farmer | Valparaiso | |
| FLOYD MEAD | 1917 | | Canada | |
| HAROLD PEARSON | 1917 | Farmer | Valparaiso | |
| VINA ASHTON | 1917 | Teacher | Liberty Center | Married Lester Pearson |
| MARY TURK | 1917 | | Valparaiso | |
| SUZIA ASHTON | 1917 | | Chicago | Married Herman Anderson |
| EDNA COREY | 1918 | | Chicago | Married Fred Boedaker |
| FLORENCE CUSON | 1918 | | Valparaiso | Married John Conrick |
| PEARL HANRAHAN | 1918 | Stenographer | Valparaiso | Married S. A. Rosenberger |
| EVELYN ANDERSON | 1918 | | Crocker | Married Clarence Pillman |
| MORRIS THATCHER | 1918 | Steel Mill Worker | Gary | |
| ARTHUR SCHMIDT | 1918 | Steel Mill Worker | Chesterton | |
| JESSIE CAMPBELL | 1919 | | Valparaiso | |
| HUBERT COLE | 1919 | Store Proprietor | Miller Beach | Married Luella Carey |
| RUDOLPH SCHMIDT | 1919 | Farmer | Valparaiso | |
| HANNAH DANIELSON | 1919 | Teacher | Liberty Center | |
| ELVERA BLANK | 1919 | | Hobart | Married Albert Nagel |
| WAYNE BABCOCK | 1919 | Farmer | Valparaiso | |
| ALFRED DALKE | 1919 | Mechanic | Valparaiso | |
| HELEN THATCHER | 1919 | | | |
| PAUL WHEELER | 1920 | Printer | Valparaiso | Married Emma Hlatcher |
| ELSIE WHEELER | 1920 | | Valparaiso | Married Leo Stuart |
| HANNIBEL MEAD | 1920 | | Valparaiso | Married Frank Fetter |
| EVELYN LINDERMAN | 1920 | Stenographer | Gary | |
| NAOMI WHEELER | 1921 | Stenographer | Valparaiso | |
| ANNA GLOYESKI | 1921 | Teacher | Valparaiso | |
| FRED SCHMIDT | 1921 | Bank Clerk | Gary | |
| JUANITA FRANK | 1921 | Teacher | Michigan City | |
| STELLA MOORE | 1921 | Stenographer | Gary | |
| LORENA LA HAYNE | 1922 | Teacher | Garyton | |
| EDNA PILLMAN | 1922 | Stenographer | Gary | |
| ELIZABETH REIDER | 1922 | Student | Battle Creek | |
| AUGUST SCHMIDT | 1922 | Student | Chicago | |
| ARVID JOHNSON | 1923 | Farmer | Valparaiso | |
| LILA GUSTAFSON | 1924 | Student | Gary | |
| HERBERT DALKE | 1924 | Clerk | Chicago | |
| CATHERINE DAU | 1924 | Student | Gary | |
| LEONA ASHTON | 1924 | Student | Chicago | |

# School Roll Call

### EIGHTH GRADE

WILLIAM HANRAHAN ..... Isn't he cute?
NORMA BEHRENDT ..... Silm.
DOROTHY GUSTAFSON ..... Spud.
MELVIN SMEDMAN ..... Is he an Angel?
MARTIN LASZLO ..... Happy-go-lucky.
WILLIAM FIGOLAH ..... "Oceans of Love."
MARGUERITE DAU ..... Oh, Mac!
EVELYN LUNDAHL ..... Quite a doll.
HENRY FOSTER ..... The sheik.

### FRESHMEN.

MARCIA DILLINGHAM ..... Snappy.
MIRIAM LUTES ..... Meek as a lamb (different than Oakley).
LESLIE SANDERS ..... The Freshie girls' sheik.
EDWARD ESSERMAN ..... Please pay attention.
ALICE HANRAHAN ..... The midget of the Freshie Class.
HAZEL MARSHALL ..... Calm and well reserved.
ALICE SHAW ..... Make it snappy, Kid!
LILLIE SCHMIDT ..... Don't give me orders.
DORA SCHMIDT ..... Well, I guess I know.
RUTH JOHNSON ..... Marathon gum chewer.
MARJORIE DRAKE ..... "Freckles."
IRIS BABCOCK ..... "Shorty."
INEZ FARABEE ..... Too short? ?
GRACE HOCKELBERG ..... Always reading and writing love letters.
GENEVIEVE FIGOLAH ..... "Beans." Know him?
LUCY LUNDAHL ..... The vamp.
GRACE LENBURG ..... Long and lean.
MARJORIE CUSON ..... Doodle-do.

### SOPHOMORES

LEROY HANRAHAN ..... Which one is my sheba?
ASTRID JOHNSON ..... Well behaved.
MARGARET O'CONNOR ..... "Happy."
IVA COLE ..... Full of the dickens.
MARGUERITE HOCKELBERG ..... I like school? ?
IDA COLE ..... I'll slap you.
RUTH ESSERMAN ..... I like Algebra? ?

### JUNIORS

ALICE TANNER ..... Oh, there's a mouse!
ARVID SHEETS ..... Slow, but deliberate.

# Yells

AMO, AMAS, AMAT,
WE HAVE THEM ON THE TROT.
THEY'LL EAT OUR DUST,
WE'LL WIN OR BUST,
AMO, AMAS, AMAT.

TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT,
WHO DO WE APPRECIATE?
L—I—B—E—R—T—Y,
THAT'S THE WAY YOU SPELL IT
AND THIS IS THE WAY YOU YELL IT, LIBERTY!

# Juniors

Alice Tanner, Arvid Sheets.

# Junior Class History

IT WAS in the year of 1922, that we were the Freshies of Liberty Center High School. There were twelve of us: Dorothy Behrendt, Arvid Sheets, Dorothy Larson, Astrid Larson, Marguerite Hockelberg, Roy Hockelberg, Shirley Foster, Jack McDowell, Pearl Wheeler, William Sanders, Leroy Hanrahan and Genevieve McLaughlin.

Now, as Juniors, we find it amusing to watch a Freshman's first few days in High School, but no doubt at that time there were Juniors who thought us quite as amusing. We were like all Freshies usually are, very green, as they say, but the subjects were new to us, and we were very much interested.

We studied Algebra under Mr. E. E. Wright; English and Latin under Mrs. H. Bockelmann; while Mr. C. K. Davidson led us through that mysterious subject of Botany.

Soon after the beginning of the second semester, William Sanders left us. We soon realized that it was nearing the end of the term, for the month of May had arrived, with its sunshine and examinations. At the close of the term, we were delighted to tell one another that we were coming back in the fall, as Sophomores.

Alas! The fall term arrived, but we learned that more than one-half of the former class were missing. Jack McDowell, Genevieve McLaughlin and Dorothy Larson had moved to other localities. Shirley Foster had sailed away on the "Seas of Matrimony," while the other two, whom we had missed, were taking their Freshman subjects over again.

Our class was composed of six: Roy Hockelberg, Arvid Sheets, Dorothy Behrendt, Astrid Larson, Marguerite Hockelberg and Alice Tanner. The latter was a new member, who had discontinued her studies the previous year on account of the death of her mother. During the first semester, we received a new member, namely, Fred Hoffman, but only to lose him before the second semester had scarcely begun. This year, Mr. C. K. Davidson was our teacher in Ancient History, instead of Botany; Miss Muriel Deopker taught our English and Caesar classes, while Mr. W. L. Welch, our new principal, taught our Algebra class and later led us into that entirely new, puzzling subject called Geometry.

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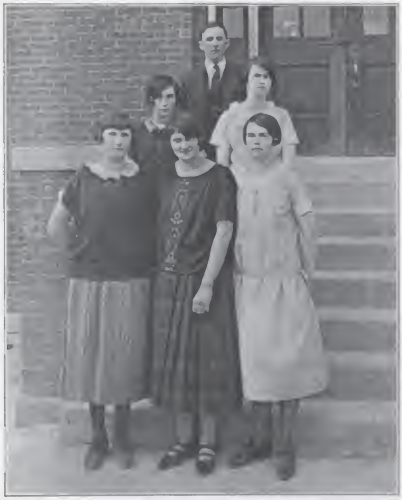
# Sophomores



TOP ROW—Leroy Hanrahan.
CENTER ROW (left to right)—Margaret O'Connor, Iva Cole.
BOTTOM ROW (left to right)—Ruth Esserman, Astrid Johnson, Ida Cole.

# Sophomore Class History

IN THE Autumn of the year, 1923, eleven girls and one boy came as Freshies from all directions to attend Liberty Center High School. They were: Grace Hockelberg, Pearl Wheeler, Lucy Lundahl, Genevieve Figolah, Ida Cole, Marjorie Cuson, Grace Lenburg, Iva Cole, Hulda Johnson, Ruth Esserman, Astrid Johnson, and Leroy Hanrahan. Hazel Collins joined our class in late September, but left us at the beginning of the second semester.

We were led through the prairies of Botany by Mr. C. K. Davidson. He found it a hard task to lead us, especially on laboratory days. We were taught puzzling Algebra by Mr. W. L. Welch. We all surely enjoyed his "Tea Parties." Miss Muriel Deopker taught English and Latin. The year closed and we all reported having had a splendid year, of both fun and work, together. We bade our good teachers good-bye and hoped to meet again the next year in the House of Knowledge.

A year has gone by! Now we are smiling Sophomores. As we entered the assembly that first school morning in September, we did not see everybody back. Pearl Wheeler remained at home to take up lessons in housekeeping. Hulda Johnson went to Rock Island to receive a better education than Liberty Center could give her.

This year, our class consists of only six "honest-to-goodness" Sophomores. They are: Ida Cole, Iva Cole, Margaret O'Connor, Ruth Esserman, Astrid Johnson and Leroy Hanrahan. Margaret O'Connor came from Emerson High school, in Gary, to become one of our class members.

The remaining five of our class are with us in some classes. They are: Lucy Lundahl, Grace Hockelberg, Marjorie Cuson, Genevieve Figolah and Grace Lenburg.

The first semester of this year we took Algebra under our principal, Mr. W. L. Welch. It is a puzzle how we ever got through. After examinations, we took up Geometry under Mr. Welch. He feels discouraged with himself, because he usually uses the whole class period to explain the next day's lesson. We don't feel discouraged about it, though. We found out how dumb we really were, when Alice Tanner started Geometry with us. She's like an extra book to our class.

Miss Margaret Calkins teaches Early European History and Caesar. She gets disgusted when we do not have our lessons, which happens only once in a great while. She gets angry with us, when we do not have

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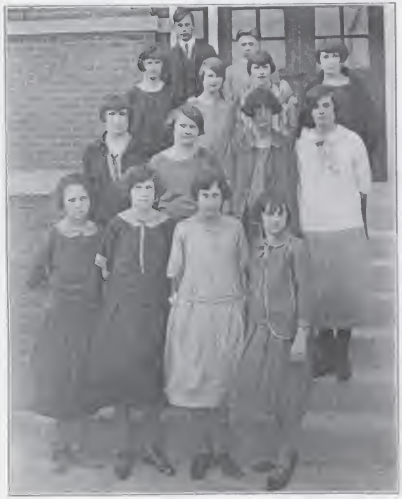

TOP ROW (left to right)—Leslie Sanders, Edward Esserman.
SECOND ROW (left to right)—Grace Lenburg, Grace Hockelberg, Marjorie Curan, Dora Schmidt.
THIRD ROW (left to right)—Alice Shaw, Marjorie Drake, Marcia Dillingham, Miriam Lutes.
BOTTOM ROW (left to right)—Iris Babcock, Hazel Marshal, Ruth Johnson, Alice Hanrahan.

FRESHMEN

# Freshmen Class History

IN THE term of 1924-25, thirteen pupils were enrolled in the jolly Freshmen class. They were: Inez Farabee, Alice Hanrahan, Ruth Johnson, Hazel Marshall, Iris Babcock, Dora Schmidt, Miriam Lutes, Marjorie Drake, Lillie Schmidt, Marcia Dillingham, myself and two boys, Leslie Sanders and Edward Esserman.

The number "thirteen" often sounded unlucky to the most of us, and really, some were unlucky. We had four subjects to correspond with. English, which we all seemed to adore, was taught by Miss Corlew. During the term, we read a great many books, a few in class, but many more outside of class. Some would fret and frown if one would have the privilege of reading more than others. Then all of us longed so for Latin class to come, which was taught by Miss Calkins (as we had forty-five minutes). We never could see any use of Latin. "Don't forget to learn your vocabulary," was Miss Calkin's daily reminder. The two last, but best subjects, is our Algebra and Biology, taught by Mr. Welch, our principal. The former subject was a mere joke, but the latter—we had the most trouble trying to learn "The Science of Life."

The mumps and measles then gained entrance into the school and chased many of us home. Some were glad to have a vacation, or rather not have to study, but most always rejoicing to see the day when we could again be with our schoolmates.

The Orchestra is a great help to our school, but only one Freshie entered. There really should have been more, but, of course, each one must decide for themselves. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, we always have different periods off, but 'twas a shame when those periods on which we did not recite.

We often found many difficulties in our studies, but with our teachers' help and aid, we climbed the hill and was at the head of the class. When we did not study or fall asleep at night over our books, we noticed our lessons were poor for the coming day. We must get busy so "tea parties" will be more scarce at noon.

These "tea parties," as they were called, always consisted of the To-Be-Freshies or the Freshmen. The rest of the High School seemed to work (when not idling) better than any of the rest. Some day the thirteen Freshies may pass through the Sophomore and Junior classes to the dignified Senior class. We may then be able to laugh at others, as they come to

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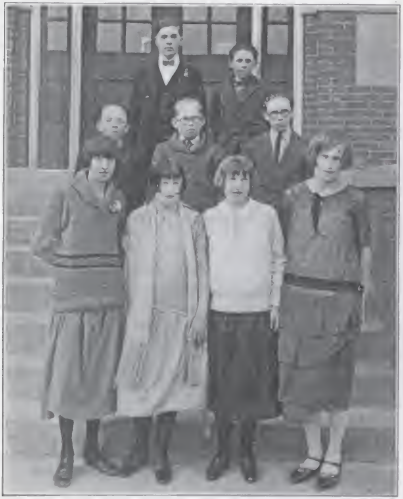
# Eighth Grade



TOP ROW (left to right)—William Hanrahan, Martin Laszlo.
CENTER ROW (left to right)—Melvin Smedman, William Figolah, Henry Foster.
BOTTOM ROW (left to right)—Norma Behrendt, Dorotha Gustafson, Evelyn Lundahl, Marguerite Dau.

# Eighth Grade Class History

NINE pupils entered the Eighth Grade at Liberty Center in September, 1924. The big goal, which they all set out to reach, was graduation. The sturdy, little fighters were: Evelyn Lundahl, Dorothy Gustafson, Marguerite Dau, William Hanrahan, Martin Laszlo, Melvin Smedman, William Figolah, Henry Foster, and Norma Behrendt. We nine stuck it out and all hope to sit on the stage together graduation night.

Once in a while, we ran up against a hill, which was rather hard to get over, but under the guidance of our faithful and patient teachers, we succeeded at last. We make it our business to be cheerful and helpful to others, and try to make life easier for our instructors.

We sailed roughly over the high seas of Arithmetic and English, with Miss Corlew, our captain. She was also our pilot in Reading. Through the dense forests of Geography and Civics, we were guided by Miss Calkins. She was also our leader in Physiology and Spelling. The boys struggled through Agriculture, under the masterful hand of Mr. Welch, while the girls were shown over the pleasing route of Domestic Science by Miss Corlew.

We are sorry to leave school and the teachers for the summer, but, even though we do say it ourselves, we think we deserve our vacation, after our strenuous studying this past winter. We all hope to come back in full force next September, prepared to enter the portals of High School.

May the succeeding Eighth Grades enjoy their last year in Grammar school as we have enjoyed ours.

NORMA BEHRENDT, '29.

---

Teacher—"What sex are the angels?"
Bright Student—"They may be either males or females."
Oakley—"Gee! I found a feather in bed this morning, but I don't know whether it came out of the pillow or off of my wings."

Teacher—"Who can tell me what a caterpillar is?"
Alice Shaw—"I can."
Teacher—"All right, what is it?"
Alice Shaw—"An upholstered worm."

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Luella Dau, Irene Huszar, Leona Henderson, Raymond Hockelberg.
SECOND ROW (left to right)—Walter Esserman, Norval Hyden, Helen Esserman, Dorothy Mattson, Elizabeth Laszlo.
THIRD ROW (left to right)—Clara Wozniak, Eda Johnson, Berenice Halick, Edward Buczkowski, Alfred Prentice.

SIXTH & SEVENTH GRADES

# Sixth and Seventh Grades Class History

SCHOOL opened this term on September the second. There were fifteen pupils in our room. We now have sixteen, as Irene Huszar, of Indiana Harbor, entered on March thirtieth. She says she is glad to be back at Liberty Center.

We have had a busy and enjoyable year. At Hallowe'en time we had a party. The prize of the chief contest was won by Norval. At Christmas time we tried to help out with the entertainment, but the "Use in Useless" was not given, as Leona and Gladys were not present.

Everyone is enjoying the work of making the Booklets for the Reading Quotations. Also, most of us have a few well-painted pictures, which we are intending to keep. Raymond is going to look at his when he is about a hundred years old.

The Seventh Grade miss Earl, when he is absent, for they do not have many review words for spelling the following day.

In our room we have Luella, who is a studious girl, and that is the reason she needs to sharpen her pencil so many times a day. Then, there is Berenice, who just cannot keep her feet on the floor.

If it is ever necessary to have any "kicking" done, call on the Sixth and Seventh Grade girls. They can do the work.

It is hard to tell when Eda is absent, for she is seldom in her seat anyway.

Alfred doesn't care to catch frogs any more, as he doesn't want to be sent out of the room to wash his hands.

Walter and Norval are sure book-worms, especially for library books.

The cat must take Edward's tongue occasionally, for he does not talk.

Berenice and Irene are going to be ball players when they grow up.

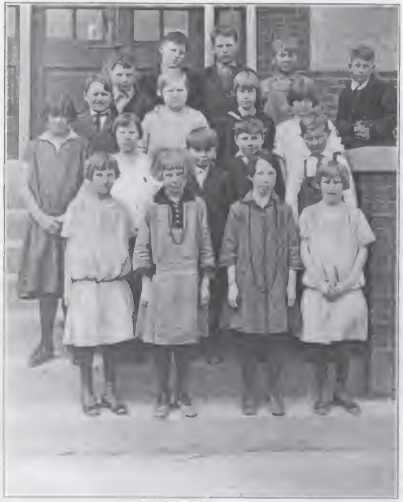
Dorothy, Elizabeth, and Helen are the chatter boxes of the room.

Luella uses her Geography book for a foot rester. She's sure getting old.

Clara is the quiet girl, who has made many beads.

Leona, with her agreeable disposition and smiling face, is the friend of all.

MRS. VINA PEARSON, Teacher.



FIRST ROW (left to right)—Henrietta Dau, Edna Johnson, Helen Daly, Rosalie Dau.
SECOND ROW (left to right)—Helen Lasslo, Ruth LaHayn, Henry Wozniak, Leslie Esserman, Kenneth Hyden.
THIRD ROW (left to right)—Harold Esserman, Dorothy Rhoda, Elvira Lindall, Anna Johnson.
FOURTH ROW (left to right)—Leonard Sanders, Herman Schmidt, Louis Bu[illegible]zkowski, Louis Wozniak, Elestor McGlorick

FOURTH & FIFTH GRADES

# Fourth and Fifth Grades Class History

WHEN school began in September, we had twenty-four in our room. We have had an enjoyable year together, although we have studied hard. We started the year by having recitations on Friday afternoon, which the children enjoyed. We also sang songs and had folk dances, which made our boys feel rather embarrassed, because they had to have girls for their partners.

The Fifth Grade enjoy dramatizing stories, especially "The Miller and His Wife," in which Harold was the Miller and Elvira his wife. They acted it very nicely.

Harold is a mischievous lad, but he does not like to work extra problems, and his heart goes pit-a-pat, when Miss Danielson asks for a ruler. Yes, and there's Ralph and Anna, who like to smile and show their dimples. Then we have our little fat girl, who is liked by all, as she is so pleasant and intelligent. Herman likes to write stories, but, "my most embarrassing moments are when I have to read them." Elvira entertains us with recitations, whenever she is called on.

Next we have our Fourth Grade, which is a very studious class, with the exception of a few, who would like to take a vacation whenever they wish, but they usually have to work harder. We have two little boys in the Fourth Grade that have not been absent a day, and we are praying that Leonard can run fast enough, so that the measles do not get him. Then we have Edna, Ruth and Helen D., who like to whisper to each other. Yes, we have little Leslie, who is rather timid, but studious? ? We also have our little twins, who are generally dressed the same, thus making it hard to distinguish one from the other.

We all remember little Laura, who could recite so well. We also remember Ruth, our little Fifth Grade girl, that Harold liked to sit by in class, and now Miss Danielson has to insist that he sit next to Elvira. Then the two Henry's, who insist on whispering in school time, and get their names on the board.

The children like to do favors for Miss Danielson, but sometimes she fools them. One day Elestor came to her desk and said: "I have all

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Hilda Johnson, Vincent Marcinkoske, Emma Haszar, Doris Clevenger, Robert Lynch.
SECOND ROW (left to right)—Jerry Lindall, Laverna Pratt, Dwight Black, James Graves, Carl Babcock, Janet Cook.
THIRD ROW (left to right)—Robert Hockenberg, Louise Esserman, Lorraine Esserman, Franklin Gildewell, Jennie Nicholson.
FOURTH ROW (left to right)—Marshal Biggs, Hazel Biggs, Pearl Lasco, Mary Vandewater, Lillie Hockenberg.
FIFTH ROW (left to right)—Sam Lipson, Alice Michaels, Bertie Clevenger, Marie Sandering, Bertie Hockewerks, Edward Marcinkoske.

# I II & III GRADES

# First, Second and Third Grades Class History

SCHOOL opened in September, with one dozen First Graders. These bright, keen and alert little people were fresh in mind and body, eager and anxious to start on the first step of the great ladder of Education. They have tried hard, and with untiring efforts have succeeded in reaching the goal, for which they have been striving. Vincent and Hilda are the only two who have had any trouble getting up on the first step. Hilda will possibly be successful, with five more weeks of hard work, and the kind and willing assistance of her classmates. Vincent will have to go back and start over next year. In April, Emma Haszar was admitted to our class from Indiana Harbor. She also will have to start over next year.

The Second Grade were eleven in number at the beginning of the term. Pauline and Wilbur left us and entered the East Gary School. We regretted very much to lose two of our best classmates, but consoled ourselves by thinking, "our loss will be someone else's gain." This class is a splendid one and they have a fine start for the next step on their ladder. We have all worked hard to help Pearl over the stony places, that chance to be in her path. Sometimes they seem almost impassable.

The Third Grade, four in number until Allen entered in April from Chicago, find the third step of their ladder very easily climbed, because they had such a good start from the second step. Wesley finds a rough place once in a while; but is quickly piloted over by the sweet smiles and willing kindness of three clever, little lassies, Bernice, Dorothy and Marie. Allen finds all sorts of troublesome problems in his Arithmetic. Sometimes he tries to wash them off the page with tears, but they are there to stay until he works them on his paper.

Our work has been a joy to every one of us. Once in a great while the bad fairy will slip around and put a frown on the face of some innocent child, but it quickly changes to a smile when the teacher says: "Did you have that awful frown in your pocket, Carl?" We greatly enjoy our imaginary trips taken in our Reading lessons. We have dramatized practically all of our stories, which furnishes no end of enjoyment, and also stimulates a great desire to be able to read for ourselves. Our captains

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)

# THE CALENDAR

**September 2**—A large percentage of last year's students came back to L. C. H. S. today.

**September 7**—Assignment of lockers.

**September 8**—Miss Corlew became our Civics teacher, instead of Miss Calkins.

**September 12**—High School Orchestra organized.

**September 19**—Seats changed and a general reorganization.

**October 3**—Marguerite has decided to quit school.

**October 9**—The Freshies sure are learning, even Iris and Inez are writing love letters.

**October 20**—Marguerite has come back.

**October 22**—The Orchestra furnished a part of the afternoon's program.

**October 23**—First Senior Class meeting. The class officers were elected at this meeting.

**October 24**—Miss Corlew and her Civics Class went to Valparaiso to hear a trial.

**October 30**—Hallowe'en party at Pearl Wheeler's tomorrow night. Come in costume.

**November 4**—Election Day. No school. What a relief!

**November 5**—William Hanrahan had to sit behind the piano, instead of Norma.

**November 7**—The new song books get a "try out."

**November 10**—First fire drill. Marjorie has the privilege of playing the piano.

**November 12**—All the boys are shooting wads, too bad that they don't get caught.

**November 17**—Oakley is wearing the janitor's costume, because he fell into the mud on the basketball diamond.

**November 18**—The Country Gentleman contest starts.

**November 21**—Hurry, "Neck Builders," don't stay at the bottom.

**November 25**—The fate of the three divisions is revealed. The "Goat Whiskers" won. Good for you, Pete.

**November 26**—Miss Calkins gave Oakley a two weeks' leave of absence from History class.

**December 1**—Thanksgiving vacation over already.

**December 5**—Mr. Welch was absent today. The Freshies look terribly blue, perhaps it is because they will miss their dear Biology class.

**December 6**—The "Goat Whiskers" are giving a party tonight.

**December 9**—Oakley's vacation is over, he had to return to History class. Miss Calkins certainly seemed to miss him those two weeks.

**December 11**—Leroy had to move to the front, because he said that the girls were bothering him.

**December 16**—The school rooms are being decorated for Christmas.

**December 19**—"The Sign of the Pewter Jug" is given tonite and the one week vacation begins.

**December 29**—Vacation over and all the boys seem to be wearing their new ties.

**January 7**—Miss Corlew is home with the mumps.

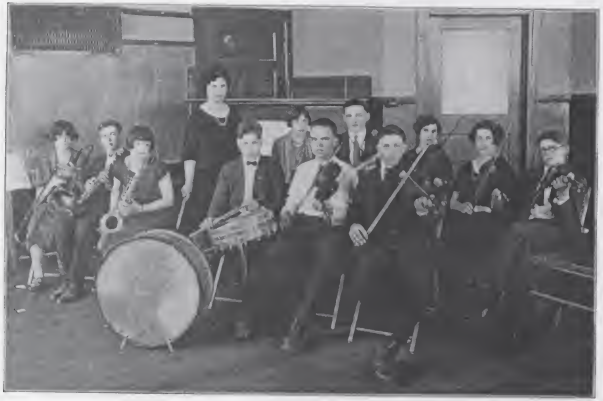
**January 8 and 9**—Exams.

**January 10**—Party at Margaret O'Connor's tonight.

**January 19**—A new stove is purchased for the Domestic Science class. Don't get excited if you smell something burning.

**January 23**—Party at Genevieve's tomorrow night.

(Continued on Page Twenty-six)



## THE ORCHESTRA

Left to right—Marcia Dillingham, William Hanrahan, Lucy Lundahl, Miss Corlew, Arvid Sheets, Genevieve Pigoiah, Oakley Lutes, Arthur Schmidt, Leroy Hanrahan, Mrs. Pierson, Miss Aylesworth, Leonard Dillingham.

# L. C. H. S. ORCHESTRA

THE Liberty Center Orchestra was organized September 12, 1924, by Mr. Welch, with Miss Corlew acting as director of the organization. First it was made up of only six members: Genevieve Figolah, pianist; Miss Mabel Aylesworth, Mrs. Vina Pearson, Leroy Hanrahan, Oakley Lutes, and Leonard Dillingham, violinists.

We made our first appearance in public at the P. T. A. meeting on September 28, 1924. This proved a success and Mr. Welch launched the Ten Free Lesson Plan, which resulted in more pupils preparing to play with us. The school bought a set of drums, and Arvid Sheets began taking lessons on them. He joined the orchestra in a very short time, thus making a seven-piece orchestra.

Just before Christmas, Arthur Schmidt joined with his saxaphone. After Christmas, Marcia Dillingham with her tromhone, and Lucy Lundahl with her saxophone, joined the orchestra. A little later, William Hanrahan joined with his clarinet, and Melvin Smedman with his violin. Melvin, however, imagined that the music was hard and he let his imagination get away with him before he learned the music, so he quit in about two weeks, leaving an eleven-piece orchestra.

It has furnished music for every P. T. A. meeting this school term, and also a musical program, which was given with the play at Christmas.

The Orchestra has been a great help to the school, because it brings the members and teachers closer together, thus enabling them to become better acquainted. Even the non-members look forward to the days of orchestra practice.

We have not only trained five members of our organization since the beginning of the school year, but we have done it in such a way that we expect to give a musical program at the County Oratorical Contest, to be held in Valparaiso. We expect to give a High School dance and furnish our own music, and also play at the Commencement this spring.

I, as a member of the Orchestra, earnestly ask the parents of this school to encourage their children to take up music and be able to take part in the Orchestra another year. This should be done immediately, because upon the graduation of the Senior Class, three members will be taken away, and should any misfortune appear that any others should not be in school next year, the Orchestra will be in great need of new members.

You parents have surely enjoyed the music furnished by us on different occasions, and we have done our utmost to please you, but now that it is started, we ask you to do your part by giving your children training on their favorite instrument and produce future Orchestra members. This can be done at a small cost and it will insure, that when you come to these meetings, you will be entertained by the best of music furnished by your own children.

L. LEONARD DILLINGHAM, '25.

# THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

THE Christmas Entertainment, given Friday evening, December nineteenth, by the pupils of the Grade and High School of Liberty Center, was quite well attended in spite of the cold weather. Quite a sum was realized with which to further the work of the High School Orchestra.

The Orchestra played several selections before the program opened and also played selections during the intermissions between the performances of the Grade pupils.

The First, Second and Third Grades from Miss Aylesworth's room, gave a Merry Christmas drill, which was very charming. At the conclusion of this, three pupils from Miss Danielson's room gave impressive selections, which portrayed the Christmas spirit. The Fourth and Fifth Grades sang a charming little song about Santa's Airship. After this the Orchestra, under the capable leadership of Miss Corlew, rendered several selections. The next thing on the program was a song, "The Christmas Ship," which was sung by the pupils of the Sixth and Seventh Grades. Three numbers, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," and "O Come All Ye Faithful," were rendered by the chorus, under the leadership of Miss Calkins. A number of selections were then played by the Orchestra. There was great applause, and the Orchestra generously responded with a number of encores.

The last number on the program was a play entitled, "At the Sign of the Pewter Jug," which was coached by Mr. Welch. Those taking part in the play were: Grace Hockelberg, Oakley Lutes, Leonard Dillingham, William Hanrahan, Arthur Schmidt, Iris Babcock, Alice Shaw, Hazel Marshall, Margaret O'Connor and Alice Tanner. Grace Hockelberg played the part of Lela Schuler; Iris Babcock played the part of Barbara Schuler, and Margaret O'Connor played the part of Suzanne Schuler. The three sisters were left five hundred dollars and an old pewter jug by their uncle, Mr. Weatherbee. The part of the uncle was played by Arthur Schmidt. He took an assumed name and watched their efforts to turn the five hundred dollars in to five thousand. If they could do this at the end of a specified time, they were to receive fifty thousand dollars. The play was full of interesting mix-ups, love affairs, and plenty of laughter.

The guests at the Pewter Jug were: Mrs. Wellington-Watts, played by Alice Shaw; Betty Watts, her daughter, played by Hazel Marshall; Prince Boris, of Valencia, a fake prince, played by Arvid Sheets; a secret service man, Robert Doolittle, played by William Hanrahan; John Mackenzie, a wealthy ranchman, played by Oakley Lutes; and Weatherbee, the uncle in disguise, played by Arthur Schmidt. The part of the maid was played by Alice Tanner and the part of the hotel clerk and porter, who was the real prince in disguise, was played by Leonard Dillingham. These two characters took part in the most humorous situations of the play.

All of those taking part in the play did exceptionally good work.

After all of the mix-ups had been settled, the Schuler girls received their legacy, Suzanne was married to John Mackenzie, Barbara was married to Doolittle, and Betty Watts captured the real Prince of Valencia. Lela gave up the fake prince, when she found him out.

Everything turned out real well and the play was a success from every standpoint.

GERTRUDE HOCKELBERG, '25.

# "ADVENTURES OF GRANDPA"

THE Liberty Center High School will present their Junior and Senior play, "Adventures of Grandpa," on April 17th and 18th.

The scene takes place at Tod Hunter's Fashionable Dancing Academy in Chicago. Monte Ray comes to make a visit with his college chums, Tod and Lucy Hunter. Monte's grandfather, Otis Hammerhead, has insisted that he be married, but Monte had quarreled with his fiancee, Dorothy May. When Grandpa heard of this he threatened to cut off Monte's allowance, if he did not get married at once. Monte immediately sent word to Grandpa that he was married. But Alas! When Monte arrives at Tod's Dancing Academy, he brings the news that his grandfather is coming there that afternoon to meet his wife. It now is up to Monte to produce the wife. He begs Tod to lend him his wife, Lucy, for a few hours. In a moment of folly, Tod consents.

After the arrival of Grandpa and a dancing student, Pansy Hopscotch, and her maid, Dorothy May, the Officer McCormack comes to tell them that the cook who had been taken to the hospital in the morning, has the smallpox and McCormack "sees his 'dooty' and done it," by placing a quarantine upon the dancing school.

While under quarantine, McCormack and the young French girl, Marie Ribeau, became quite friendly. Monte Ray discovers that Pansy Hopscotch's maid is his former sweetheart, Dorothy May. In spite of every effort to keep Grandpa away from the scene he discovers Monte making love to Dorothy and Tod making love to Lucy. Of course Grandpa does not understand the mixed affair and he becomes furious. He secures a revolver from a guard and threatens to kill Kloompy, the maid of the household. Comes on the scene and "spills der beans," telling him that Lucy is Tod's wife and that Monte is not married at all.

It comes out with the usual ending, in which Grandpa forgives Monte for deceiving him. Dorothy May and Monte are united and Tod and Lucy live in peace.

The part of Tod Hunter, the young dancing master, will be played by Arvid Sheets, and the part of the borrowed wife, Lucy Hunter, will be played by Margaret O'Connor. Otis Hammerhead will be portrayed by Arthur Schmidt. Genevieve Figolah will take the part of Mrs. Hopscotch's maid, Dorothy May. Leonard Dillingham takes the part of Grandpa's grandson, Monte Ray. Officer McCormack, "who seen his 'dooty' and done it," will be played by Oakley Lutes. Pansy Hopscotch, fair, fat and forty, will be taken by Gertrude Hockelberg. Lucy Lundahl will play the part of the girl from Paris, Marie Ribeau, and Kloompy, "who is just twelve days from Copahagen over," will be portrayed by Alice Tanner.

In addition to the play, several selections are being planned, including songs by Marjorie Cuson and Norman Behrendt; songs by Fred Hoffman; piano duet by Iva and Ida Cole; piano solo by Dorothy Behrendt; a trio, consisting of Miss Aylesworth on violin, Lucy Lundahl on saxaphone and Miss Corlew on piano; and last, but not least, several pieces by the Orchestra.

Owing to the fact that the Annual will be taken to the press before the dates of our play, we shall not say how successful it will be, that, we will leave for our audience to decide.

ALICE TANNER, '26.

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P. S.—The play was more of a success than was ever dreamed of. Each one seemed to be the outstanding star. The play seemed to those who watched, to have a professional atmosphere, which showed that they were ably coached by Mr. Welch.

I, as a visitor, wish to say that such spirit, as was exhibited by all concerned, shows a wonderful advancement for our dear old school, Liberty Center High School.

A VISITOR.

# THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THE FIRST PRIZE STORY OF THE SHORT STORY CONTEST HELD AT LIBERTY CENTER HIGH SCHOOL.

JACK had built his hut in a dense marsh. It was completely surrounded with trees and thick brush. One could not see this hut unless he was nearly upon it.

The history of the house, and especially of Jack himself, was exceedingly interesting. The house was said to be haunted, Jack having been murdered and his body found hanging on the grape arbor by a long thin chain. The arbor was just beyond the kitchen door. No one knew what happened to the murderer, as he has never been found. Some believe he was drowned in the nearby bottomless pond, while others believe he still lives.

We all had been brought up with many superstitious beliefs around us. Evil spirits and ghosts were said to be seen, both day and night, near the vicinity of the house that Jack built.

Some might be seen rowing in their coffins in this strange pond, others were said to be walking, headless, and many ghostly calls and crying might be heard. And if one should happen to be in this strange place, he might hear the murderer dragging Jack's ghost up the stairs at midnight. As it was told, when Jack had been murdered, the murderer had dragged the body up the stairs and then had hanged it from the gallows by the grape arbor.

I, myself, was not afraid of these superstitious things in the day time, but was not so certain about it at night. I was very fond of duck hunting. One cloudy day, I proceeded on a hunting trip. The weather was very threatening, but I did not think that I would wander very far, and that I would soon return. The ducks were numerous, but they seemed to know where to fly for refuge and they flew in great numbers in the direction of the pond.

No one had passed through this marsh since the murder of Jack, except the detectives, who had related the ghostly instances to the people. I advanced into the marsh and before I realized the fact, I was among its tanglements of vines and trees. Thinking of those ducks and how pleased father would be of so great a number, I absent-mindedly worked my way through the woven mass. It was worse than any jungle that I had ever imagined to be in South Africa, for I believe that there are wild animals who break the vines away. But here one could not even see a path.

I soon took note of a very dilapidated hut. It dawned upon me that this was the house that Jack built. There was the bottomless pond! As I drew nearer, I stumbled and fell. I clutched hold of a near vine for support. I heard a chain rattle. It frightened me! I looked all around and soon discovered this to be a chain hanging from the vines of the grape arbor. The links were small and nearly rusted off. Some of the links had fallen and lay beneath the arbor among some nuts, which a squirrel had probably brought there. I examined the arbor. There were the gallows on which Jack had been hanged!

I was unaware of the terrific storm, which was approaching. I walked near the hut and looked above. I noticed the heavily drooping cloud hovering over the hut. Just at that moment, I heard a violent peal of thunder and huge drops of rain fell. I passed into the partly opened door.

I was in the haunted house! Every ghostly tale that I had heard about at home, immediately came to my mind. It seemed as though I could see Jack's body walking around, and even see it hanging from the arbor. All sounds startled me. I imagined them to be footsteps. I started for the door, but the rain forced me back, as it was coming down in torrents. I then realized it was in this house that I must spend the night.

I looked about me and noticed stairs leading to the upper floor, but I preferred the ground floor for my night quarters. I entered a room and sat down on a pile of boards. I soon fell asleep and, when awakening near midnight, I heard a rattle of a chain. It seemed awfully loud. Then I heard another queer noise, which was followed by what I imagined to be a human footstep.

Jack's ghost was being dragged up the stairs. I was terribly frightened and held myself rigid for some moments. It seemed hours before I recovered my thoughts. I had either fallen asleep or fainted, for I noticed the sun coming up over the pond. It was morning and the storm had ceased. There was that cool, refreshing feeling that follows a storm or a shower, and it seemed to give me courage. It was daylight and I was not afraid. I was determined to investigate the second floor before returning home.

On the top step of the stairs I found several links of rusted chain lying there, with a few nuts, evidently the ones that I had seen beneath the grape arbor, the evening before. These rooms seemed to be the home of the squirrels from that marsh.

They had been Jack's ghost!

ALICE M. TANNER, '26.

# I Was A Dog

THE SECOND PRIZE STORY OF THE SHORT STORY CONTEST HELD AT LIBERTY CENTER HIGH SCHOOL.

I WAS just a plain, little, yellow dog, about one foot high, little ears that flopped as I ran. I had a little black nose, and funny eyes, I suppose, because they turned towards my nose, and I was cross-eyed.

I have heard many people say I was as pretty as a board. At first I did not know whether that was a compliment or not. I do not see how I could be very homely, though, because my hair is yellow, and that is not such an awful color. Now if I was green or purple it would be different.

One day I heard a little boy say: "See that old, yellow dog." I was not old and it hurt my feelings. So I just went out by a house and stayed out of sight. I had crawled in a clothes basket of clean clothes. The clothes were nice, white, soft and comfortable. So I just lay there thinking of that miserable boy. His hair was red, and he had freckles. I'll never forget that ugly boy; he will always stay in my memory. Anyone who has red hair had better——Oh! such a noise, here comes a red-headed lady, with a big broom and it struck me—right on my black nose. Oh dear! how it pained! She was still chasing me. So I ran and then, alas! I fell into a tub of bluing. Now I was sure my hair would be blue. I was heart-broken. I didn't have any more time to think though, because here came that dreadful lady again, all ready to strike me. I guess she did too, because when I remember last, I was flying through space about a hundred feet from the tub. My nose was all raised up, until I could hardly see at all.

But, to my great joy, my hair had not turned blue! This was enough to make up for my nose. I could hardly express my joy. I ran around the corner, knocked down a man—tipped over an ice cream freezer—then around another corner, only to bump into a boy who was carrying a basket of eggs. Would I never stop having bad luck? Now three people were chasing me. I dashed into a dark alley and was lost from sight. I stayed there several days, as I was afraid to venture out again. But on Friday, the thirteenth, at three A. M. I slipped out into the street. No one was astir, so I slipped up to a house and slept until sunrise.

When I awakened, the sun was hot, however, I saw a red-headed boy and determined to follow him. He went to a meat market. I saw a nice piece of meat, so I slipped up, grabbed it, and ran. Everyone, of course, chased me. That was enough, I crawled under a porch and slept 'till the next morning.

As I awakened, I felt suddenly happy; happier than I had in several weeks. It seemed as though I was about to have good luck. However, my feelings deceived me, because as I crawled from under the porch, some children caught me, tied a string around my neck and dragged me around the house several times. Finally I broke loose and ran, with the string still around my neck. This was terrible, everyone laughed at me and boys threw stones at me until I nearly gave up.

As I ran down the street next day, I saw some more of those red-headed people—boys, too. Then all at once, one of them fell down over the bridge and into the river and he was washed out into the stream. The other children ran screaming for help. People came from every direction. But no one was ready to go into the foaming water to save the boy. Anyway, it didn't make any difference to me if I did drown. It took some time to reach him—I grabbed his coat and pulled frantically. I went slowly at first, then gained speed. The next minute his coat slipped off. I finally reached him again and was soon on shore.

Everyone ran after me, I suppose they really meant to pet me, but how was I to know? I had only the faintest memory of someone being good to me. Sometimes, I just lay and dreamed of it. Finally one of those people caught me.

They took me to a little old house. There the lady was kind to me, and the children petted me. I could not understand all this, until one evening I heard them talking. I found out that they were the parents of the boy I had saved. And still more important, I found that one thousand dollars would be given to the person who found me. Me, just a little, homely, yellow dog. They said that my master, who was now dying, had offered that sum for the one who found me, if they would take good care of me and always treat me well.

They said that I had been lost from my master about two years. When I saw his picture, I remembered his instantly. I was so happy, because my master had, for two years, been searching for me. I was really wanted! Someone had cared for me. My other master died and I was always loved by these kind people, and they were all red-headed. It isn't so bad to be a dog, after all, because no dog ever had as miserable a life as I, until I was saved; and I am sure they always are saved. I guess red-headed people are very nice, if you do not lay in their baskets of clean clothes.

MIRIAM LUTES, '28.

## JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page Ten)

Another term has passed and now we are Juniors, but still we must relate the sad fate of our class, it has lost one-half of its members—again. We are now three in number, but how small compared to the number in our Freshmen class of '22. Dorothy Behrendt and Astrid Larson have taken up stenographic courses at the Gary Business College. Roy Hockelberg left us to work at home.

We three, remaining, are: Arvid Sheets, Marguerite Hockelberg and Alice Tanner. Several times during the year, Marguerite left us, but now the second semester is moving rapidly on, and we still have her with us, all of us hoping that we will graduate together in '26. This year, we study Geometry under Mr. Welch; English under Miss Cecil Corlew, while Miss Calkins teaches us History and the interesting subject of Physiology.

Our desire is that the class will not decrease in number again this year, but that we may be able to come back, with smiling faces, to resume our studies this fall, and prepare to graduate from the dear old L. C. H. S. as the Seniors of '26.

ALICE M. TANNER, '26.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page Eleven)

our Caesar lesson prepared before we come to class. She says now that most of us are improving, but found out how when she took Lucy's book, by mistake, one day in class.

Miss Cecil Corlew teaches English. She certainly can think up some good remedies, when someone forgets Current Events on Monday. We will all enjoy reading books, when we get through our English course.

We all hope to come back next year as Juniors.

ASTRID JOHNSON, '27.

## FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page Twelve)

Liberty Center as Freshies. Then to think of the days when we were afraid to look at the rest.

The day finally came for our pictures to be taken. Everyone had been longing for that day to come, when there would not be many classes. Then wondering thoughts went through our minds: "was the camera broken?"

'Twill soon be time for the week of Exams, then to see if we will be Sophomores next year. Leaving our teachers and school mates to roam three months and two weeks. Without worry of passing and also studying. Hurrah!

Many pupils, this year, say: "Not one more year of hard school work for me." We hope to see the unlucky thirteen turn into the lucky thirteen, and graduate as Seniors in the spring of '28.

ALICE SHAW, '28.

## FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

my lessons." Miss Danielson said: "I will give you something to do.' He stood waiting, patiently, and finally she said: "You may take your seat."

We were reading about the state of Georgia in our History, and Miss Danielson asked Leslie to locate Georgia. Leslie replied: "She is dead."

A Fourth Grade student was asked where saliva was found. He replied: "It is in the stomach." We all hope that Edna will never forget why the body needs water? ?

Our room has had a number of treats this year, which were appreciated by all, especially at Easter time, when the boys treated the girls.

Teacher asked a Fourth Grade student to use fascinate in a sentence. The student replied thus: "Father gave sister a new coat with ten buttons on it, and she's gotten so fat that she can only fasten eight." These are just a few examples of the many pleasant times we have had.

MISS HANNAH DANIELSON, Teacher.

## FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GRADES CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

in the Spelling classes find it difficult to get their side to win the honors. Nevertheless, when we get up to the Eighth Grade, we will challenge you with any word in the dictionary.

Last, but not least, is the cross-word puzzle chart for the multiplication tables, and also for the Grammar work of the Second and Third Grades. We find Pearl a champion in this line, proving clearly that she has the ability, but not the ambition to do her other work.

Love, Obedience and Quietness have guided us through a most successful and enjoyable year. May God lead us along the paths of righteousness, that we may be more capable of performing the task which is before us.

MISS MABEL AYLESWORTH, Teacher.

# Birds In Relation To Man

THE birds, the gay, little, feathered creatures, with cheerful songs and chattering, are one of man's natural friends. Nature is so balanced that every species has its friends and enemies.

The birds are very important to us, because the insects which they use for food, are an enemy to man. The insects, which the mother robin brings to the little robins in the nest, and which are a delicacy to them, are one of our worst enemies.

Every year thousands of these feathered friends of man are destroyed, and we stand by and watch the destruction, see the number of birds becoming smaller and smaller each year, and yet, we do nothing to prevent it—nothing to even check the slaughter.

Great numbers of birds are killed every year for mere sport. They are killed because their bright-colored plumage makes such a fine mark at which to shoot. Many birds are sacrificed and must give their bright colored coats of feathers to trim some fashionable lady's Easter bonnet. She does not give a thought to the fact that the bird would have been far more valuable alive, than dead. It would have fought continually that enemy of man, "insects." It would, perhaps, have cheered many sad hearts with its "Chirp! Chirp." The function of the many colored feathers is to keep warm the little bird's body, not to be dead, lifeless, on some new spring hat. The wings are to enable the bird to soar high into the air, not to make a hat attract attention.

Many of the songsters are killed during their migrations by flying against such obstacles as telephone wires. Many are lost at light houses, while journeying over water.

They have yet another enemy to combat in the form of the domestic cat. The cat is really not much use to man. Of course, it kills mice, but this does not compensate for the injury it does to the birds.

Some species of birds have been exterminated when the forests, which were their homes, have been cut away. Still others are lost through destruction of eggs. The spraying of trees has been fatal to many others. The insects having eaten the poison, before they were, in turn, eaten by the birds. If our forefathers had not wantonly destroyed the birds, spraying would be unnecesssry, because the birds would have killed the insects, which the spraying kills.

If we would just be a little more thoughtful, we might save great numbers of these friends of humanity.

We will not suffer from the effects of destroying the birds, but the next generations will. Our forefathers did not suffer, because they slew the birds. No, we are suffering for them. They never had to spray trees to get rid of the insects. Why not? Because the birds killed the insects. Then they killed the birds, so we have to spray our trees, if we wish to have good fruit.

Hunters must learn to find sport in opera glasses. They would find much more fun in studying the habits and traits of different birds. Where they build their nests, how they build them, the colorings and marks of distinction of different birds, are very interesting. Women must learn to be contented with dyed feathers of domestic fowls, or with artificial flowers which are just as pretty for trimming their hats.

There are other ways of protecting and encouraging the birds. Building homes for them and sprinkling crumbs for them, when snow is on the ground, will invite them to stay. Rests might be placed at lighthouses for birds who travel at night over the water.

Some birds are not altogether useful, but none are altogether harmful. They may be very valuable in one region, and harmful in another. This can be illustrated by the bob-o-link; in the South it is injurious to the rice fields, but in the North it is an insect destroyer.

Many farmers cry out against the crows, because they steal the corn. The crows do an immense amount of good in the corn field, killing field mice, and many kinds of insects. Then they take a little corn as their pay. They do much good work for the little pay they take. The chicken hawk is another bird, which is killed by farmers. Of course, this bird may steal a chicken now and then, but it, too, does much good in return. Several years ago, the farmers of Nebraska began to kill the red-winged blackbirds, because they ate so much of the grain. The next year, when there were no red-winged blackbirds, the locusts became so numerous that the whole grain crop was ruined.

The songs and chatter and appearances of the birds are enough to make us want to protect them. What would spring be without birds? No nest building, no "chirp, chirp," to be heard, no flashes of blue and red and brown and yellow in the sky. We do not care to picture spring without birds. Then let us protect them, and help them to fight the obstacles they meet, as we would help a friend, because each little bird is a friend to us.

MARGARET O'CONNOR.

## THE CALENDAR

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

**February 2**—Miss Calkins was afraid that the Ground Hog would see his shadow. He did.

**February 3**—The Orchestra practiced upstairs today, because the other piano is being refinished.

**February 4**—More girls than usual seem to be writing letters, maybe it is birthday greetings.

**February 10**—The characters are chosen for the play.

**February 11**—A visitor at school today, the girls are all excited.

**February 12**—Arvid is caught tying Alice Tanner's tie in school time.

**February 23**—Lillie found a mouse in her locker. Did she scream?

**February 26**—Dorothy came back after almost a month's absence.

**March 1**—A large number of pupils have returned, after having the measles and mumps.

**March 3**—Such a calamity, the school house very nearly caught fire.

**March 4**—Fire drill.

**March 12**—Mrs. Pearson was locked in the last year's club house.

**March 13**—Miss Calkins sent Edward from Latin class.

**March 14**—Leonard is back again after a four weeks' absence.

**March 16**—First practice for the play tonight.

**March 21**—Two of the "actors" left their books home on purpose, so that they could go and get them.

**March 23**—Miss Corlew again skipped school. This time she caught the German measles.

**March 30**—Leroy and Arvid are so bright that Miss Calkins dismissed them from Caesar class.

**April 1**—Mr. Welch couldn't find his lunch until Marjorie was so kind as to tell him where it was.

**April 3**—Mr Welch shows a great interest in Arthur's moustache today by stopping him and taking a very careful close-up view of the object.

**April 8**—Mr. Mudge, the photographer, was at L. C. H. S. to take the pictures for the annual.

**April 9**—Leonard was chasing Lucy around the assembly room, when Mr. Welch appeared in the doorway. Did he have a narrow escape! ! !

**April 13**—No peace for Mr Welch this morning. The pupils were all anxious to see their pictures.

## Autographs

Cecil B. Corlew
Margaret A. Calkin
Vina Gazzoro
Wm L. Welch.

# Eavesdropping from a Rehearsal

(ADVENTURES OF GRANDPA)

"It's just so disgusting, I wish it was over."

"Oh! for Pete's sake. He's so slow."
"Isn't he though, I'd like to wake him up, wouldn't you?"

"Hear those boards creak when we dance."
"Yes, wouldn't it be heck if they broke that night?"

"Those boys—will they ever learn their parts?"

"Let's see, you wear a full dress suit in that act, don't you?"
"Yes, it will be full when I get into it."

"Gosh, I'm so rushed. The dress for the second act isn't finished and oh! my part, too!"

"I wonder how this will turn out."

Mr. Welch—"Take a hold of her wrist like you intended to hurt her."
Grandpa—"Gosh sakes! I can't hurt her that night in front of all those people."

Pansy—"Do I put all my weight on that window?"
Monte—"I should say not. Whatcha' think that window is to be made of?"

Lucy—"Why don't you exercise with the other foot, too?"
Pansy—"Don't bother me, I can't do it with that one too."

Monte—"Now, good night, grandpa."
Lucy—"Tod, say your part."
Tod—(still dreaming).
Lucy—"Oh, wake up!"
Tod—"Yes——oh' grandpa, wake up!"

McCormack (speaking to Marie)—"I'd die dancing with you."

"How's that window going to be fixed? Make it strong for if I fall that night, I'll never hear the end of it."

"Hey, Grandpa, come here! I want to give you a lesson in embracing."
"Yes, I need one, I'm not used to it."

Monte Ray (excited)—"Down to the kitchen. Get out, you eat with the kitchen."

Kloompy—"If dot policeman yolt on me, I'll yust give him a yump on der yaw."

McCormack (speaking to Tod)—"No red spots on you, except your lips, and they're as red and swate as a couple of cheeries."

Monte—"I took Dorothy to a dance. We disappeared and she quarreled."

Grandpa—"Cook, you eat in the kitchen."
Tod—"He does not. This cook eats the family.

Pansy—"I think I'll have him sit in the front row."
Kloompy—"No, gosh! He'd see too much from the peanut row."

Lucy—"How do you give a rippling laugh?"
Kloompy—"Something like——oh! just like a horse laugh."

Tod—"How can I act embarrassed?"
Lucy—"Oh, just blush."

Marie—"Is the front row called peanut or penuit?"
Dorothy May—"Peanut, of course."
Marie—"Where did I see that word penuit? In Biology class, I guess."
Dorothy May—"Goodness no, that's in Latin."

Grandpa (after putting apron and cap on Tod)—"Now you look more like a monkey and less like a cook."

Monte—"What do I do now?"
Lucy—"Oh, you're supposed to sink (into a chair) and bury your hands in your head."

Marie—"How is McCormack going to get the lipstick off his face?"
McCormack—"Oh, that's easy! It will rub right off."
Marie—"No it won't."
McCormack—"I'm speaking from experience."

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NEW PROSPECTS.

William Hanrahan, trying to sharpen his pencil with a dull knife, thought he would enjoy becoming a professional barber. In order to really know if he was a fit subject to be a barber, he first experimented upon himself. Result? — — —

# Behind the Scenes

DURING THE PRESENTATION OF
"AT THE SIGN OF THE PEWTER JUG"

The fact of the matter is, everybody babbled at once and nobody listened. These are a few of the jagged phrases that tickled the ears of a listener

"Do I go in now?"
"Does this outfit look O. K.?"
"Lend me some powder."
"That's my safety pin."
"Does my petticoat show now?"
"Is my hair a perfect sight?"
"Did anyone bring a button hook?"
"Your lipstick is crooked."
"Fasten me up, please."
"Arvid wants his moustache."
"These leggings are too big."
"Oh! I'm so excited!"
"Did I say that last line all right?"
"I have to change shoes."
"It is all over now."
"Was it a success?"

We will allow those, who have seen the performances, to answer the last of the list.

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Overheard in the hall—"You remind me of a bungalow, Oakley."
Oakley—"Why?"
"Oh, because you're made without an upper story."

POETRY BY ELIZABETH

A little chap is Raymond
He wanders all over the room
And if he is not careful
He will meet a terrible doom.

Gertrude—"What is your stomach made of?"
Earl—"Gastric juice."

Teacher—"What is the relation of the word 'work'?"
Alfred—"Subject of the verb 'I'."

Teacher—"Elizabeth, who was the leader of this crusade?"
Elizabeth—"Jerusalem."

# L. C. H. S. Dictionary

ASSEMBLY HALL—Place where everybody studies, that is, when they're not whispering.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM—Place where Freshies go to get the Biology Blues. Also a place that smells good at dinner hour.

DOG HOUSE—The room which is separated from the assembly by folding doors, and used as stage, when plays are given; also the place where secret Senior meetings are held.

CANDY MAN—Don't get caught there during school time.

FIRE ESCAPE—A good place to get dizzy.

FRONT SEAT IN THE ASSEMBLY—Place where you see Norma at any hour of the day.

LOCKERS—Place to sit and look out of the windows.

BEHIND THE PIANO—Place where the naughty ones sit.

BOYS' COAT ROOM—Place to hide.

FIRST GRADE ROOM—Place where orchestra practices.

BASEMENT—Place where Mr. Welch gives "tea parties."

CORNER BOOK CASE—Place to hide reference books from Miss Calkins.

MARGARET O'CONNOR, '27.

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PASSING SIGHS.

The pastor, who was fond of figures of speech, was making an oration. He began his address: "Friends, we have here only the shell of the man, the nut is gone."

NO COMPLIMENTS.

Marjorie—"He's so romantic, whenever he speaks to me he always says, "Fair lady."
Walter—"Oh, that's a force of habit. We know he used to be a street car conductor.

# Biology Blues

NEXT year, when we are Sophomores, (doesn't that sound big?) we will smile, when we think of the blues. Those bad, old Biology Blues were sure to come every afternoon.

At first our class began at 1:05 P. M., and ended at 1:45 P. M., but Mr. Welch didn't approve of our conduct. There was Ruth Johnson, who always enjoyed talking to someone; Hazel Marshall, Miriam Lutes, Alice Hanrahan and Lucy Lundahl, who were constantly day-dreaming, or were half asleep; Edward Esserman and Leslie Sanders, who had dreams of their own, or were carrying on some kind of a conversation; Lillie Schmidt, who was always awake when there was a mouse in sight; Dora Schmidt and Alice Shaw, who get a "kick" in holding hands; while Marjorie Cuson always has something to say (when she's not asleep). Now, there were three studious girls in our class in the persons of Margaret O'Connor, Marjorie Drake, and Iris Babcock. They always managed to get their notes, while the rest were sleeping or doing something else. Lastly, there is Inez Parabee, who took things far too seriously. Mr. Welch often told her she might leave the room if things were too hideous. It was but little Biology knowledge we received with this sort of conduct. Unluckily, Mr. Welch realized the fact that our conduct was very poor, so he decided to make our class period longer, by beginning it at 1:05 P. M., and continuing it until 2:30 P. M., with the first forty minutes as a study period, and the rest of the time for recitation. (It was little reciting we did, as he always gave us a written lesson.)

Ruth Johnson generally welcomes Mr. Welch at the beginning of the class period, by asking him if we are going to have a written lesson. Mr. Welch, with a smile, will say: "Perhaps," never "Yes," never "No;" he just keeps us guessing. Every time we think of these events we get the Biology Blues.

LUCY LUNDAHL, '27.

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The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the simple little geese
Are in the Freshmen Biology Class.

Imagine Mr. Welch being pleased with the grades resulting from a test in Biology.

# Jokes, Locals, Etc.

Miss Corlew—"Tell about the fourth chapter of the Book of Ruth."
Leonard—"All I know is that they traded shoes."

In Civics—"What was our first development of transportation?"
Oakley—"The Panama Canal, I guess."

Oakley (talking about Arvid's drum)—"What are those strings for?"
Arvid—"Oh, they're to make the evaporation."

"They have five children, haven't they?"
"No, they have three children and a pair of twins."

Miss Calkins (In History IV)—"How many men were running for election to the Presidency at this time, and how did they run?"
Leonard—"There were five of them and most of them walked."

In Eighth Arithmetic—"What is a budget?"
Martin—"A budget is the things you keep about a house."

Arvid and Iris—What a scream! ! !

Bright Student in English—"People used to walk a great deal, but now they take a taxi to walk two or three blocks."

Genevieve (in Ancient History)—"What is a patrician?"
Leroy—"That's a man that drives a patrol wagon."

In Phy. III—"What use is running and walking?"
Arvid—"It fills the air full of lungs."

Alice T. (in Civics)—"What do you call the chair the judge sits on in the court rooms, a throne?"

In Phy. III—"What are the muscles called?"
Alice T.—"Muscle Shoals."

In Sophomore English (Genevieve talking about Leroy's business letter)—"He hasn't any body."

Geography VIII—"What caused the city to become a railroad center?"
William F.—"Why, because the railroads run through there?"

Alice T. (in English)—"Who wrote Parkman's 'Oregon Trail'?"

"Why is a schoolroom like a Ford?"
"It has a crank in front and lots of nuts behind."

In Phy. III—"What is it in the chicken's crop that guides or moves the food?"
Arvid—"Oh, there's little bugs in there that move around and stir the other things up."

Arvid counsellor in Algebra war.

Mr. Welch puts rouge on Freshmen's cheeks in Algebra by exposing their brilliance.

Miss Corlew—"What determines the location of a city?"
Alice T.—"A map."

Teacher—"Who was Cleopatra?"
Leroy—"I don't remember him."

Put on your old gray bonnet
With L. C. H. S. written on it,
While we hitch Mr. Welch to the
shay.
We will glide to college
Through the fields of knowledge,
On our Golden Commencement Day.

Miss Corlew (in Civics)—"Why is Chicago such a commercial center?"
Alice—"Because Sears Roebuck and Montgomery & Ward are there."

Alice T.—"I ran into the bookcase and thought it was Miss Calkins, and I said: 'Oh, pardon me'."

Leonard (announcing his topic for Current Events)—"The subject of my topic is the weather of the past week."

Alice S. (in English I)—"There wasn't any ground on the floor."

Marguerite (in Phy. class)—"Oh, when I was in the Eighth Grade I could rattle off all of the bones in my body."

Alice T.—"What is grissle?"
Arvid S.—Oh, that's the stuff what's so hard to chew on."

Miss Calkins (in History IV)—"Arthur, why was Abraham Lincoln well known among the common people?"
Arthur—"Because of his long legs."

In Eighth Reading—"Who were the prehistoric peoples?"
William—"They were people who had no homes and no place to hang their hats."

In English I—"Describe Admiral Benbow."
Dora—"I didn't know him."

Alice T. (talking of History)—Oh! that old History. I'd rather take a gallon of castor oil every day than do all that reference work."

Teacher—"Look back and see the position of the United States at that time."
Bright Student—"I didn't know it had moved. Wasn't it in the same place then, as it is now?"

Miss Corlew—"What is the other kind of constructionist besides loose constructionists?"
Lucy—"Tight constructionists."

Teacher—"What do you think are the requirements for a good reporter?"
Oakley—"I never met one, yet."

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two—
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Miss Corlew—"Is the period over already?"
Lucy—"The bell rang, but it didn't make any noise."

Mr. Welch (in Biology)—"Where is the air in water?"
A Smart Pupil—"In the gills."
Geography teacher—"What is Paris noted for?"
William F.—"Beauty."

Someone has just discovered why L. L. D. talks so much and even to himself. It is merely because he was vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

Mr. Welch—"Oakley, what size shoe do you wear?"
Oakley—"Oh, 'bout eights. Why?"
Mr. Welch—"I thought they sounded like twenty-eights, when you came downstairs."

Mr. Welch—"What is mistletoe, and how does it grow?" (A poet and didn't know it.)

Always remember—and don't forget—the Biology teacher—the Freshmen like best.

Imagine Mr. Welch using his cure for low deportment grades on Marcia.

In Physiology III—"Which is it best to wear, a heavy coat or heavy underwear?"
Arthur—"Why, it's best to wear a heavy overcoat because you can always take that off, when you get warm, and you can't the underwear."

In Eighth History—"What is New Brunswick noted for?"
Norma—"There they feed skimmed milk to the pigs.

In English I—"Who was Octavius?"
Bright Freshie—"Caesar's niece."

Miss Calkins, in pronouncing the Eighth Grade spelling words, came to the words "stile" and "style."
Pupil—What is the meaning of 'stile'?"
Miss Calkins—"It means something that goes over the fence.'

Imagine Alice S. not trying to capture all the new Fords.

Of all sad words
Of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these:
"Study Biology again."

LET'S STUDY.

I've a dear little teacher in Biology,
To whom I owe many an apology.
We have a test every day
If we don't work, in time we will pay,
'Cause we'll re-enter the '26 Class of Biology.

LAST AND HARDEST.

Miss Calkins—"Leroy, what were the different ages of History?"
Leroy—"The stone age, bronze age, and iron age."
Miss Calkins—"What age are we living in now?"
Leroy—"The hard-boiled age."

BETTER LOOK FOR IT

Wm. Figolah—"One of those cylinders is missing."
Henry Foster—"Where do you suppose we lost it?"

DOING HIS BEST

Arvid (in Caesar Class)—"What does 'puto' mean?"
Miss Calkins—"Guess, or think."
Arvid—"That's what I'm trying to do."

The End

Alice M. Turner — "yumpin yiminy"
Miriam Sules — "Good - Bye"
Alice A. Shaw - Never forget "Tootsie"
Ruth E. Johnson. We shall always be good friends
[illegible] - Remember "me"
Marjorie Cuson - "Please" leave one little spot in [illegible]
Inez Farabee - Forget-me-not.
Dora Mae Babcock - Always think of "Shorty"
Grace A. Hochelberg - "your friend".
Alice M. Hanrahan - "Just me"
Dora E. Schmidt - Remember me as a classmate.
Marian P. Dillingham - "Nuh"
Eva Cole - A Friend
Edward Cuerson - still coming
Ida Cole "23"
Genevieve Figolah
Margaret Hannah "Cy" '22
Astrid Johnson a friend
Leroy Hanrahan - good-bye
[illegible] Hanrahan - Don't forget "Candy Dean Day"
Helen Tuerman - "Snickers"